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TREASURER:

W. C. FISK, N. Y. LOCK BOX 17.

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**MODERN NATURALISM—AS SEEN IN THE WORKS OF
GIOVANNI VERGA.**

TO THE ancients art was nothing if it did not appeal to the sense of beauty. There was no merging of individuality with type. The work of the artist was the product of certain subjective qualities or the formulation of a mental image which to him had a distinct existence. With a purely esthetic aim in view; with certain recognized principles established to which he must conform if he would preserve and emphasize the essential and to him the highest of all qualities—beauty, it was no wonder that individuality of treatment was not conserved, and that conventionality was looked upon as, on the whole, desirable, and by no means a work of inferiority.

Modern art, on the other hand, inclines to the materialistic, to the practical. Beauty must be subordinated to truth. The painting in which a blemish could be concealed and an excellence magnified, has given place to photographic reproduction. Science is no longer content to

admire and investigate a brilliant plumage, but scalpel in hand proceeds to explore with conscientious and painful minuteness that which is beneath, brushing aside outward adornment as no longer contributing to "scientific" research.

Literature has been subject to a like mutation. The writer may find favor who paints life as he would like it to be, but there is an important sense in which he can never attain the full measure of success that awaits him who produces a photographically true picture of existence. The rich adornments of imagination, pictured fresh from the mental image of the writer, possess lasting attractiveness, but familiarity with life leads us to question that art which excludes from a picture drawn from real life that which is unsightly or painful. Life is essentially made up of the petty, of the common-place, and he who proceeds to render it "interesting" by an appeal to the reader's taste for the novel and exceptional, narrows with his own hand the scope of allowable artistic material, and often, in the end, betrays a marked deficiency in certain qualities which contribute to the highest literary excellence.

It is along the line of "Naturalism, or the conscientious study of the truth," that we purpose to consider Giovanni Verga. We must expect to recognize in his works no obtrusive personality. He must be thoroughly objective in his treatment if he would be a workman righteously observant of his creed. He must be distinguished by the exclusion of the conventional in the literary artifice of the day if he would scrupulously pattern after his own ideal of fiction. But what, we are ready to ask, is this standard which he has set up? In what specific methods of treatment does he differ from the hosts of the self-styled "Realists" of the present day? The answer has been given by Verga himself, when he writes:

"The triumph of the novel will be attained when the affinity and cohesion of every part shall be so complete that

the process of its creation remains a mystery, like the development of the human passions; when the harmony of its form shall be so perfect, *the sincerity of its realism so obvious*, its nature and origin so evidently necessary that the *hand of the artist becomes absolutely invisible*; when the narrative shall bear the stamp of the real event, and the work of art shall *seem to have made itself*, to have grown and ripened spontaneously, like a natural fact, without preserving any point of contact with its authors; when its living form shall reveal no trace of the mind which conceived it, of the eye which perceived it, of the lips which murmured its first words like the creative fiat."

Strange as it may appear, in "I Malovoglia," Verga's masterpiece, "sincerity of realism" is not so obvious as in many of his less popular productions. "The highest problem of any art," says Goethe, "is to produce by semblance the illusion of some higher reality. But it is a false endeavor to realize the appearance until something commonly real remains." To even the casual reader it is evident that Verga fails to perfectly produce this *illusion* in "I Malovoglia." We recognize at once that the tale is a record of struggles—the rich and powerful as arrayed against the poor and defenceless. In this warfare the humbler classes are ever overpowered. As 'Ntoni, the hero, sinks lower and lower under the oppressor's hand, drawing to ruin and desperation his family with himself, we mark too clearly, in the continued misfortunes which compass his fall, the attitude of the author toward the higher social classes. His sympathies appear strongly arrayed against them, and so Verga's personality is seen more clearly than one would expect, considering the position assumed by him when he outlines his theories as to the ideal novel. He would lead us to the "higher reality," but we mark too well the path, and feel that it also leads to something not unlike "Fal-sisni." This, however, is more a breach of theory than an error of plan. His shafts are directed against the pride

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and greed of the rich. A pathetic appeal, too, is made in behalf of the poor and the oppressed.

The story entitled "Rosso Malpelo" is particularly marked by the intensity of its realism and harmony in the arrangement of its parts, so that it approximates, in great measure, to the author's ideal work wherein the hand of the artist becomes absolutely invisible. The sad tale of the young laborer in the sand mines is told calmly and almost coldly, yet with a vividness of action and conciseness of style that cause it to appeal most powerfully to the sympathy of the reader. The writer spares us nothing. His naturalism is so strong as to appall. With painstaking accuracy he lays bare details of cruelty and of misery. No comment is made. No conscious effort is apparent to portray degradation in terrible form. "Look at this," he seems to say. "These things are not the creation of the imagination. They are true. They are facts which you must accept. I will lead you from the light and bid you contemplate all the blackness of an utterly neglected human soul."

"Rosso Malpelo" is the name given to the boy by his fellow-workmen in the sand mine. He was called so, we are told, "because he had red hair, and he had red hair because he was a bad, ill-disposed boy, who promised to turn out a thorough rascal. No formal analysis is given of Malpelo's character, but through the subtle touches of the artist a distinct impression is given us of real nobility and of latent heroism and tenderness in the dark young soul. The death of Malpelo's father is described with a terseness and unsparing naturalism that characterizes the whole story, and well exemplifies the essential points of Verga's individuality of treatment. Mastro Miscin, the father of Malpelo, had privately contracted with the master of the mine to dig away a pillar of sandy earth which had been left to support the roof of the mine, but was now supposed to be no longer needed.

"So one Saturday evening, Mastro Miscin was still scooping away at his pillar a good while after the Ave Maria had rung, and after his comrades had lighted their pipes and gone home. Outside the cave the sky was all twinkling with stars, and down below there the lantern was smoking and turning like a spindle. And the great red pillar, dis-embowled by the pick, twisted and bent as if it suffered and cried out, oh! oh! Malpelo was clearing away the rubbish and putting away the big pickaxe, the empty sack and the wine flask. His father, who was fond of him, poor fellow, kept saying, 'Stand back!' or else 'Look out! Look out for falling pebbles or coarse sand from overhead!' All of a sudden he left off speaking, and Malpelo, who had turned around to put the tools in the basket, heard a dull, suffocating noise, such as sand makes when it pours down in a heap; and the light went out.

* * * * *

"Six hours later, in the press and confusion none had heeded a child's voice that had lost all human tone and kept shrieking 'Dig! dig here!'

"'Helloa!' said the lame workman. Why, it's Malpelo! Where has Malpelo cropped up from? If you hadn't been Malpelo you wouldn't have got off so easy!'

"The others began to laugh, and one said that Malpelo had the devil on his side, and another that he had as many lives as a cat. Malpelo answered no word. He didn't even cry. He had been digging with his nails in the sand right in a hole, so that no one had perceived him. And when they came near with a light they found him with his face distorted and his hands covered with blood. But when they tried to take him away it was a terrible business. Not being able to scratch, he bit like a mad dog, and they had to take him by the hair and drag him away by main force."

In the foregoing picture naught is concealed or softened in the rude economy of the diggers' lives. The description is powerfully wrought out in its bare simplicity. There is

no conscious effort to excite emotion and sympathy by powers of imagination or of stirring description. He seems to say: "Let the observer make the spectacle and judge for himself. These scenes are not drawn that the feelings may be harrowed through the mere depiction of them. They are realities. I am showing you only that which is incident to the lot of humanity."

Jeli il Pastore is another study of a lonely ignorant lad, but altogether different from Malpelo. Jeli, a simple herdboys, had always adored, in his simple way, Mora, the handsome daughter of his master. She, however, becomes engaged to the son of a rich farmer, and Jeli accepts the situation with his usual outward impassiveness. Scandalous rumors respecting Mora are afloat, and consequently the match with the farmer's son is broken off. One day Mora goes to see Jeli. For its charming simplicity the scene that follows has rarely been surpassed. When Jeli asks her why the match with the rich farmer's son was broken off she answers that her father has had losses.

The bay mule has died that was worth forty ounces. "Now that we have had losses, who do you think will marry me?" Mora was breaking to pieces a twig of hedge brier, with her chin on her breast and her eyes cast down, and every now and then her elbow jogged Jeli's elbow without her heeding it. But Jeli, with his eyes fixed on the churn, made no answer. She went on: "At Tebidi they used to say that you and I would be man and wife. Do you remember?" "Yes," said Jeli, and laid down his churn staff, "but I'm a poor shepherd, and I can't look to get the daughter of a farmer like you." Mora remained silent for a little while, and then said: "If you would like to take me, for my part I'll have you willingly." "Really and truly?" "Yes, really and truly." "If that's it," said Jeli, "I'll have you as willingly as you would have me."

So the marriage is concluded and Jeli's happiness is measureless. He long remains deluded and will not believe

in his wife's faithlessness, but at length, when his suspicions are fully confirmed, in a fit of uncontrollable fury he rushes upon him who has destroyed his happiness and slays him with a single blow.

Later, when they were taking him before the judge, bound and helpless, he said: "What! I wasn't even to kill him? And he had taken away my Mora!"

A sufficient number of passages have been quoted from the fiction of Verga to show that, in the main, he is true to the theories which have already been alluded to. Events are presented by him in the same fragmentary fashion in which they meet our observation in daily life. He often-times deals with the widest and roughest principles of life. He puts no false gloss on his unlovely characters. His scenes are painted in no impossible colors. No direct moral is drawn, yet his simple, affecting tales ever find a responsive chord in the human heart.

His naturalism is strong and resistless, at times overpowering; but he is a naturalist of the purest type. He does not revel in human corruption for corruption's own sake, but is an accurate and conscientious transcriber of that which he observes, and, be it said, that in these observations he does not close his eyes to the existence of the lowest forms of human depravity. Amid it all he does not forget that the lowest life may have elements of nobility appealing to his sympathy. Unlike M. Zola he does not feel *compelled* to choose his subjects from the illicit and indecent. He recognizes full well that vice is a reality; that it is inseparably identified with human existence; that a picture, to be true to life, must be true to life in all its phases; and that, therefore, vice must needs be portrayed. Since this is so it is his aim to paint vice as foul and as hideous as it is, in order that its very repulsiveness may cause the good and innocent to loathe and shun it in all its varied forms.

M. Zola, on the other hand, is guided by no such principle. "Science" is his watchword. When he degrades his characters to the lowest depths of moral turpitude, when he deems it necessary to describe that which is base and scandalous, he is ready to exclaim that he is merely lost in scientific contemplation. "True naturalism," he observes, "and the great object of the art of fiction is the scientific contemplation of man." We are ready to admit that he is following, in part, the trend of modern art, to which allusion has been made. We do not doubt the reality of his revelations made under the name of "Science"—as well doubt the disclosures of the anatomist's knife. But we do say that a writer need no more discuss the details of human corruption in a novel than the surgeon introduce, as a topic for conversation in the parlor, the details of the dissecting room. Zola ever attacks the theory that "Art has the right to select pleasant subjects, to reject that which is antipathetic, and to produce that which is agreeable." His pernicious theory that art must select scandalous subjects and reject that which is agreeable and elevating is open to the attack of *all* serious critics. His theory is that the "naturalistic romance continues and completes physiology, and substitutes for the study of man in the abstract the study of natural man as conditioned by his environment and by physico-chemical laws." That he is true to this theory no one will attempt to deny. There is a good deal of high-sounding sincerity in this statement that novels should be the scientific study of men. We fail to see, however, why the environment of his creations should, as a rule, be foul and disgusting, why his characters debased, and why he who professes to be a student of nature should observe in her works only that which is unbecoming. We are led to conclude that it is not a faithful allegiance to truth and science which is the acting cause, but rather the resort of a "sensationalist" who is unable to attract attention in any other way.

How much higher is the naturalism of Verga! How infinitely purer and at once truer to nature! He does not shrink from describing vice, but by his very descriptions he would lead us to abhor it. A glimmer of hope is always seen in his meanest souls. He does not forget that virtue is essentially noble, praiseworthy, true.

A false modesty and over-exacting sensitiveness to vice are to be shunned. Virile fiction is wanted. Verga gives it to us, and his works deservedly are meeting with a wide consideration that approaches fame.

TIME AND SORROW.

WHEN Time has robbed thee, Sorrow, of thy sting,
Then can we press thy cold, pale lips to ours,
And cherish thee, as we do faded flowers
From some far grave, that dearest memories bring;
Then hallowed floods of thought around us fling
A peaceful tide, that every pain o'erpowers;
Lending a precious solace to our lonely hours,—
When soul meets soul beneath thy sheltering wing.
We thank thee, Sorrow, as we thank a friend
Who gives us comfort when all hope has fled;
We hold thee sacred as our years extend—
Thou art the link between us and the dead.
Thou to our pathway softened shadows lend;
Our offerings to thee are the tears we've shed.

ROXOLANA—A LEGEND.

ONLY an expansive river separated the two elements of humanity. A quieter scene, a more charming spot, full of historic and mythical interest, was not to be found in the whole extent of the Sultan's realms. Here they lived separated from the rest of mankind, unique in all their manners

and customs. Here Christendom and Islam, brave and honorable foes of the past, had for centuries vied with each other across the river—a natural barrier. To a stranger, the numerous domes and minarets from which the voice of the Muezzin comes to the faithful with dying redness of sunset, presented an agreeable prospect to the eye fatigued with the continued sameness of the parched and brown plains. In fact everything bespoke of the personage who reigned supreme on this side of the river. In the centre of the town stood an artificial mountain, surrounded by a ditch, and on the summit a castle. This castle was consecrated, having withstood the progress of the Arabs for several months in the time of Omar. A number of large square stones in the environs of the city, with a turban of stone on the top of each, represented the tombs of so many heroes who had fought and died in that struggle.

The town contained none of those private edifices, those regular squares or wall-built streets in which the architect displays his genius. But a certain plainness lent an increasing charm to the spot and made it unique in its construction. Innumerable small white-washed wooden houses, rising in concentric circles one above the other along the slopes of the hill, gave it a cheerful aspect. Everything was the embodiment of strict Orientalism. Here might be seen the turbaned Ali-Baba seated on his sorry donkey, swinging his big feet in a constant effort to urge the beast forward; there the one-eyed calender arrived from Bagdad only the previous night; the water-carrier with a cloth about his loins, staggering under a full goat-skin; the seller of sherbet; the dervish, a holy old man, seated on a block by the wall, repeating the Koran. He has no book, but he recites the sacred text in a loud voice, swaying his body backwards and forwards. Now and then a shrill-voiced handsome boy is also seen reciting the Koran with all his might and keeping a laughing eye upon the passing world.

Here comes a novel turn-out. It is a long truck wagon drawn by two yoked oxen. Upon it are a dozen women, squatting about the edges, facing each other, veiled in black, silently jolting along. They carry baskets of food and flowers, and are going to the cemetery—the rendezvous of women—to spend the day. Yonder heaves in sight the unchanged quintessence of Orientalism—a camel. There is a line of them, loaded with building material, wearily shambling along. A little further on another group is gathered around a story-teller, who is relating one of the endless tales in which the citizens delight—love adventures, not always the most delicate, but none the less enjoyed for all that—or the story of some poor lad who has had a wonderful career and finally married the Sultan's daughter. Children are seen walking through the streets or basking under the generous sun, with no other occupation than to sit in that picturesque thoroughfare, stretch out their hands for a few paras, drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank of the mosque, sleep on the street corners, and feel sure of their salvation if they know the direction of Mecca. The numerous flocks of birds floating aloft in the air are now and then seen to descend to seize in their flight the morsels of bread which the inhabitants amuse themselves by throwing them from the housetops. There is a certain hum and quietude in the air which seems to pervade the people. Trade and everything else appears to be carried on in a state of somnambulism.

The scene across the river, where Christianity reigns supreme, is quite of another type. Perhaps you have heard of it—the glorious city resting on an elevated plateau, with olive groves and gardens of pomegranates, in scarlet bloom, quinces, roses and jasmines, the air sweet and delightful. The centuries-old wind blows strong and fresh through the trees, and the scent of flowers and odorous shrubs, the murmur of leaves and unchanged blue vault of heaven fill everyone with poetic imaginings. Its banks—

thanks to the industry of the peasants—instead of naked rocks, are covered with a fertile earth and laid out in gardens or orchards which could not but be delightful.

There comes a throng of girls, with sweet tones of laughter mingled with their incessant chatter, on the way to fill their pails of brass at an old well. They are, indeed, of classic forms—the rounded limbs, the generous bust and the symmetrical waist. The mothers of heroes were of this type. Then there are the raw-boned, hard-featured farmers, the very embodiment of energy and freedom. They have no other guide-book or literature than the Bible, which they diligently read. With foreign languages they are unacquainted, except a smattering knowledge of the old French tongue, which they handle as delicately as if it were glass, and make of it the most naïve and interesting form of speech.

The character of their minds in every way corresponds to the hardness of their bodies. The intolerance displayed by the peasants, their obstinacy in the battles, their sense of honor, all prove that their minds, when swayed by certain lofty motions, are capable of great energy, and that that energy only wants a proper direction to become a formidable courage. It must have taken more than one generation of noble culture, high thoughts and purest blood to mould such a race as that.

Now a very strange relation existed between the inhabitants of the two cities. It was as if the entire contest for supremacy between Christians and Mohammedans had centred in that one spot. They had fought no battles; their attitude toward one another was not of a hostile character, in fact, it was a most singular instance of Christendom and Islam living in perfect harmony. None the less, however, had an incessant religious warfare been carried on for the past few centuries, each trying to force their religion upon their neighbors. It had been the aim of the monastic legislators to captivate the Mohammedans at an early age, that

they might place implicit trust in the Christian institutions. It was, indeed, a question of "converting" these people. They knew that nothing but the religion of the New Testament, bringing in its train industry and self-respect, could awaken the higher nature and elevate these creatures to a respectable manhood and womanhood. But they plainly saw the difficulty of the task before them. These people had been converted over and over again. They had had all sorts of religions during the last few thousand years, and when, finally, Mohammed had come with sword and Koran, giving them the choice of belief or martyrdom, they had embraced the religion of Mecca as cordially as any other. They therefore knew that there must be exhibited to the people a higher type of Christianity than they had hitherto known—a Christianity that reforms manners and betters the social condition, and adds a new interest to life by lifting it to a higher plane. They knew it would not be enough, in a town of this kind, to set up a form of Christian worship and let it drone on in a sleepy fashion, however devout and circumspect. It needed men of talent and practical sagacity, who should make the Christian name respected, by superior qualities as well as devout lives. Thus they struggled on for years. The Imam, conscious of approaching danger and the aggressive intentions of the Christians, had not only put a price on the head of any unbeliever who should cross over from the other side, but had, in turn, made strenuous endeavors to entice the Christians under the banner of Mohammed.

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It is night. The wind has been blowing in gusts the whole day. The evening lights have just begun to twinkle here and there. There is an unusual terror and confusion among the inhabitants. Men and women are seen collecting under the shelter of the street corners, betraying a nervous restlessness and feverish excitement. What does all this mean? Alas! the crisis has come. And the old man

as he walks out of his hermitage, a neat, simple mansion surrounded by limpid waters refreshing the vineyards and mulberry trees, and catches an account of the story in which his son is implicated, swoons and faints. Yes; Kaspar and Roxolana have wooed each other across the stream. No matter how; they had met and had cherished the seed of love within their hearts.

Suddenly the clang of the bell in the tower is heard. It is a youth whose piety seems to be inspired by the very edifice beside him who is handling the rope and announcing mass in the church at this unusual hour. The people throng in the brilliantly lighted edifice and passionately look upwards to heaven, as if imploring assistance in this awful extremity. For should Kaspar, yielding to his love, renounce the faith of his fathers and wed Roxolana, great will be the destruction of the citizens. For so it was decreed by the forefathers that should anyone, Mussulman or Christian, become an apostate, the whole race must pay the penalty by following his example.

So now, while the town quivers with the clang of the bell, the whole body of citizens are assembled within the church to take counsel. There is nothing exclusive or pharisaic in the worshippers, but a body of men and women sit with compressed lips and uplifted eyes, as if expecting some divine inspiration.

All this time Kaspar is sitting in a sheltering corner of his cabin. The light enters from a bay-window, through which the sycamores display a verdure pleasing to the eye. The storm has died away, and from an opening in the ceiling a refreshing breeze cools his feverish brow. Mind and body both seem weak. Ennui has given to his manly face the expression of one who had tried the world for a century and found it wanting. His whole features have acquired a gravity, a something in expression that only experience gives. As he sits there musing in the friendly shadow of the night, his life seems nothing but a dire dis-

appointment. He had not only conceived a true and pure regard for Roxolana, but his was a friendship, an unselfish regard of a Christian for one providentially recommended to him to be led out of darkness into light. How could he help loving one for whom he prayed night and morning, nay, even every hour of the day?

He had thus far stifled and trampled upon his love with a stern resolution. But now the crisis had come. Something must be done. He thought of giving way. What mattered it to him though the whole community be betrayed to infidelity, and be compelled to walk through dark and painful paths to everlasting shame and night? But such a thought must not be entertained.

In this hour of longing and despair a small body of his fellow-townsmen crowd around him to exhort him to a sense of his duty. They do not fail to notice the strongly marked features which evince force of character as clearly as the convolutions of his muscles reveal his bodily strength. The brightness of his eyes betrays to all the agony of his mind. No crusader could look more earnest and brave than he. The refining influences of his life are evident in his face and bearing, and the people who have thronged about him recognize in him the ideal of manhood.

They speak to him of the crosses which the members of the church have borne in ages past. Yes; there are maidens, too, who soothe and comfort him; and when finally they withdraw, leaving him to his own thoughts, they feel that he is adamant in his stern resolution.

The duskiness and solitude of the scene before him give him grateful sensation, and the night wind is to his flushed face like a cool hand on throbbing temples. As the cold air refreshes and revives him, his strong, practical mind takes up the question. Slowly and sadly he says to himself, as if recognizing the almost hopeless barrier, "Roxolana is an infidel." The voice of God seemed to forbid his love: "What part hath he that believeth with an unbeliever?"

There is a nervous hesitation before the shock of the last struggle, but soon he has planned everything. The verdict is given.

Thus decided, and having before him a blind and moonless night of sorrow, he walks out of his cabin. The clouds have now broken away and hang in great rosy masses over the river. A secret yet powerful magnetism draws him out on the water. The cool evening breeze has already woven the over-thoughtfulness from his brain, or he spurts it out through his muscles into the oar-blades which drop it into the water of oblivion. As he glides along on the river he perceives in the dim darkness before him another object moving slowly in his direction. Is it an apparition? Or has he dwelt so long on his trouble that his mind and imagination have acquired the power of placing their wild creations before him as realities. After one short exclamation he stands transfixed, with parted lips and dilated eyes, panting like a frightened bird. Yes—there she is—Roxolana—standing, in her pure and simple beauty, in the light skiff which is bearing her along. The wind is in her flowing hair and sweeps to one side her light, airy costume. An eager, happy light shines from her eyes. She seemed to him like an exquisite flower lifted by the breeze after that terrible storm, scattering the burdensome raindrops on every side and standing up more beautiful and blooming than ever. Can it be that she has come bearing good news?

“Roxolana! Roxolana! O taste and see that the Lord is good?”

“Whilst I live my heart shall love thee, Kaspar. I come to have my bones buried in thy church-yard, with the cross of ‘Jesu’ on my breast.”

A deep silence broods over the place. He takes her cautiously in his light *kaik* and silently makes for the shore. The noiseless stroke of the boat ceases and the ripple at its prow dies away as he leads her cautiously toward the little

beach. Torches set along the walls here and there illuminate the black mass of the overhanging rock upon which stands the church. As they reach the level of the town the lights still glow high up in the recesses of the rocks, and as they clamber up the steep hill the bell begins to ring for a midnight mass.

Silently they entered the house of God.

Roxolana is a Christian.

* * * * *

The nightingale who sang and sobbed all night in the garden before the Imam's abode had ceased her plaintive melody of Turkish song and sorrow when this prelate of Mohammed awoke from his deep slumbers. He rose to make his morning ablutions.

"There is no God but God and"——

He stopped, nevermore to repeat the remainder of that endeared declaration; for on opening the window towards Mecca, behold the current of the river had receded, leaving naked the pebbles in its bed to dry under the sun.

The Imam at first stroked, thoughtfully, the dim silver of his beard, then his mustache curled with wrath, then yielding to a fate which he thought he could not resist, he calmly led his people under the banner of Christ.

* * * * *

Hard by the walls of the city there is a place of sepulchre for good Christians in which you may see two graves. Upon one of these is a monument bearing a staff, while the stone upon the other has only flowers in relief, and in well-nigh obliterated letters appears the name "Roxolana."

MODERN ICONOCLASM.

WERE a phrenologist to examine the head of the composite man of the period, he would find the bump of destructiveness abnormally developed. In childhood, youth and maturity alike is this mania manifested, though in different ways. Probably the most pronounced type is to be found in the anarchist in his anti-government ideas, and in the atheist in his attacks on religion. The mass of humanity content themselves with some milder forms of manifestation, of which one of the most prevalent is the subversion of the so-called "popular superstition."

In modern times there has arisen a great dread of being considered over-credulous, and great is the outcry against superstition. The American people especially have a horror of being duped, which often leads them to the opposite extreme of tearing down the most cherished beliefs that have been handed down through history. The discovery of error in the writings of trusted historians has led men to doubt everything in their works which they do not feel inclined to believe. Another cause of the mania is the prevalence of those who live entirely on the credulity of the multitude. The quack, the "sharper," and the commercial drummer must to a great extent answer for the growing unbelief of the day.

But the main cause is an inborn spirit of destruction, a vandalism scarcely surpassed by the pillagers of ancient Rome. The popular idols are ruthlessly pulled down and shattered without thought or regret. In their mad search after facts the votaries of this system hesitate not to destroy the most lofty sentiment of history, the purest poetry of life. They would tell us that there never lived a William Tell, since every nation in Europe possesses a similar legend. Columbus' egg was cracked long before that Spanish council was held, and Archimedes was too much of a scientist to have ever said that he could move the world with a very long lever.

George Washington, modern investigators have discovered, was not the peaceable, forbearing man of whom history treats, but an irascible fellow who would rip out an oath or pitch an offending servant from the window on the slightest pretext. He never owned a hatchet, consequently never disturbed his father's cherry-tree. Furthermore, praise is not due to those who *cannot* lie, but rather to those who, while they could do so with the greatest facility, restrain the inward impulse. Strange, is it not, that the gentleman in question could have so deceived his contemporaries as to his true character and that it should have been left to the critics of a century later to bring him to light in his true nature?

Recent investigation has also shown that Brutus' "unkindest cut of all" was not instigated by his patriotism, but by the fact that Cæsar had forbidden usury, and Brutus, being a money-lender, felt called upon to resent the proceeding in this emphatic manner.

The iconoclast is at least thorough in his work. He makes saints of historical sinners and sinners of saints. He will prove that Henry VIII and Richard II, two of the veriest monsters of history, were far from being as bad as represented; that Henry's most flagrant offense was merely a tendency to Mormonism, arising from mistaken judgment; that Richard never murdered his brother Clarence, but that the story is merely an invention of his enemies to blast his hitherto spotless character.

Nero, the philanthropic emperor of Rome, left the world far better for his having lived in it. What if he did play the violin while the imperial city was in flames, it but showed his hardihood, and he was, in all probability, "only playing some *Dead March on Saul* as a safety-valve to his agonized feelings."

Christopher Columbus was not a poor, honest, intelligent sailor, but a pirate named Griego. He obtained his knowledge of the Western Continent from some shipwrecked

Venetian sailors, and not he, but one of his seamen in another vessel, discovered the New World for which Columbus receives all the credit.

But the most presumptuous of all seekers after fraud is Ignatius Donnelly, whose life-work it has been to endeavor to convince a sensation-loving public that the immortal Shakespeare was an imposter, and that the extensive works commonly attributed to the pen of the Bard of Avon were in reality the production of Lord Bacon. Let us be thankful that he has failed. His great cryptogram, although so real to himself, is, to the world, but a vagary of his imagination. The writer presumed a little too much on the iconoclastic spirit of the age, and found that men were not quite ready to surrender the claims of Shakespeare to one who has been stigmatized as "the wisest and the meanest man of England." One might almost believe that the poet foresaw some such difficulty when he put into the mouth of Iago the famous lines:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Akin to the task of Mr. Donnelly has been the attempt of certain critics to prove Longfellow a plagiarist on the ground that he took the plot and verse of *Hiawatha* from Finnish lore, forgetting that to establish this fact would in no way lessen the claim of the poet to originality.

But where is the ruthless destruction to cease? Who can tell how soon our discreditors of history will brand as a myth the story of how Franklin chained the lightning, and proclaim to the public ear that instead of the public-spirited benefactor whom we have hitherto been taught to honor, the scientist was, in sooth, merely a hard-fisted miser, seeking by his inventions and discoveries simply to amass wealth

to himself and fame to his memory? How long will it be before men are taught to think of Benedict Arnold only in regard to his services to the cause of liberty; to honor him as a patriot, and to consider the little incident of West Point a plan to delude the British by the idea that they could easily capture the fort.

The evils of this system of destroying the popular beliefs are evident. In the first place, it is useless. The iconoclast will rarely succeed in establishing his point, and why raise doubts as to the accuracy of the most trivial points in history, the belief in which can do no possible harm, and the subversion of which may awaken a distrust of the facts themselves. The mania for detecting fraud leads men to question the existence of any truth. Those under its influence deal so much with deception that they become suspicious of all good. They examine the life of an upright man, and dissect it until they think that they have found a wrong motive or an ill-advised act. Upon this they construct a counter character, and their admirers look on approvingly, and exclaim: "Murder will out. He may have deceived his contemporaries; but 'truth is mighty, and shall prevail.'"

Thus they, in their mad rage against superstition and credulity, attack our most cherished beliefs and, in their audacity, even dare to question the existence of the Almighty Founder of the Universe. Carlisle has said that "Great men are the fiery pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind. They stand as heavenly signs, everlasting witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be—the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature."

But when we feel our faith shaken in those men whom we have always considered patriots of the truest type, then we begin to lose confidence in all patriotism and honor; then we come to believe that there is no such thing as true heroism.

On the contrary, the transformation of historical villains into virtuous and law-abiding citizens has its equal dangers. Seeing the objects of our hatred and scorn whitewashed by unscrupulous historians, we often feel inclined to disregard rules of upright living, and oftentimes lose all aversion to evil. The practice of questioning the truth of every story of history, and of raising doubts as to the authority of every anecdote, destroys our faith in human nature and lessens our hatred of evil. Our lives must be shaped largely by the example of those who have gone before us. Why then break down the confidence in their noble deeds from mere wantonness? Are the men of the present so perfect that they can learn nothing from the heroes of history? If not, let us protect them from the modern iconoclasm.

DEVOTION.

THE stern and awful fury of the blast
Had spent its force, and died away at last
Behind a golden West. Like creatures blind
The pines still swayed their arms before the wind.
Beyond the craggy cliffs a ragged sea
Dashed bold and high, and dashed unceasingly.
With hands behind my head, in thought I lay,
Bathed in the light of cold, pure silver-gray.
I watched the angry clouds go scudding by,
And haste across the distant, star-specked sky;
The rising moon tipped every foam-streaked wave
With glory, while the pebbles in a cave,
High-arched and mossy-flecked, made gentle sound
Of softly swashing to and fro. The ground
Was damp with nightly dew; the earth and sea
Breathed forth a sound of tranquil melody.
My inward soul was touched and moved to shame
By such devotion. Mortals strive for fame,
Renown and fleeting glory, caring naught
For thankful praise to him who praise has taught,
While Nature's voices vie in sounding notes
Of praise to Him who made their thousand throats.

WILLIAM BARNES, POET.

IT IS but a few years ago when, if you had been in Dorset on a Saturday, you could have seen an aged clergyman, quaintly attired in caped cloak, knee breeches and buckled shoes, with a stout staff in his hand, trudging in the middle of the street—as he preferred it to the side path—and walking with a broad, firm step that settled at once the question of his vigor which you had doubted when you observed his stooping shoulders.

You would have noticed that he seemed very thoughtful and almost oblivious to what was going on about him until he stopped before the public clock and drawing forth an old-fashioned watch made it obey the "London Time."

It was William Barnes, locally famed as the "Dorsetshire Poet."

He was born the first year of the century and died in the middle of this decade. His life was long and his occupations strangely varied.

One word cannot sum him up, for so numerous were his abilities and interests that a dozen words are required to adequately portray him. Some one has done this very cleverly when he says: "He was gardener, carpenter, carver, turner, painter, musician, schoolmaster, philologist, linguist, antiquary, social economist, literary and political writer, poet and parish priest."

Though it does seem that his ability was scattered over a wide field, and though we say to ourselves that the above quotation fully explains why his fame is not more general and his name more common, still we find that his work is of more value than we would suppose, and that his poems have in them the essence of life and bid fair to live after many another poet's productions of the nineteenth century have disappeared. The editor of "Living English Poets" deems him worthy of as much space as Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Matthew Arnold, and others.

He is a poet of mild theme and homely subjects, never attempting the grander passions essayed by so many. It is delightful sometimes to meet with a man who has not fallen into the hands of those literary costumers who set the style for writers or dress them up in striking masquerade and then applaud; a man who has worth, but worth that is quiet and unassuming, and when we admire it we feel that it is not common property and that we are really complimented in being able to enjoy it alone.

It is a sweet bit of selfishness, but it is lawful because it is so silent and passive.

Barnes was not great nor brilliant, but possessed that kindly sympathy and pathos which runs deep, and soothes and feeds our souls.

His early years were spent among scenes eminently calculated to develop such a character. The Vale of Blackmore was a happy valley, a secluded tempé, shut in by sheltering hills and undisturbed in its serenity and rustic quiet.

He himself says with pride:

No city primness trained my feet
To strut in childhood thro' the street;
But freedom let them loose to tread
The yellow cowslip's downcast head;
Or climb, above the twining hop
And ivy, to the elm-tree's top;
Where southern air of blue-sky'd day
Breath'd o'er the daisy and the may.
I knew you young, and love you now,
O shining grass and shady bough!

At fourteen years of age he was taken from the village school to a lawyer's office, and, after nine years as a clerk, during which time his leisure hours were given to assiduous and varied study, he became schoomaster.

His study of languages soon developed within him a more earnest desire to pursue the investigations in phi-

logy, and he subsequently devoted the greater part of his attention to them, publishing several articles and books upon the subject.

But the spontaneous expression of his poetic spirit will always out-rival the results of his arduous studies.

He wrote many sonnets and epigrams, one of which is curious because written in four languages :

Se l' uom che deruba un tomo
Trium literarum est homo
Celui qui dérobe trois tomes
A man of letters must become.

The Romans called a thief a man of three letters, from *fur*, a thief.

Shortly before he was fifty years old he took orders and lived as a country parson until his death. His life was not eventful, but peculiar from its variety—at one time spent as a wood-carver, at another as an antiquary; at one time devoted to natural history museum, at another to a great work titled a "Philological Grammar;" at one time in a school, at another in a parish.

The charm of this man's life lay much in his personality. The remark of a writer applied to one of our own authors is equally applicable to William Barnes. He says: "There are men whose charm is in their entirety. Not to see and hear these men is not to know them, and criticism without personal knowledge is, in their case, mutilation."

Barnes was a careful student of all that nature had to reveal, for example, taking delight in the fortuitous combinations of colors in the flowers, and endeavoring to copy them in his household and his dress. In a letter to one of his friends this trait is well illustrated. He writes: "June is our hay month. We are rich in wild flowers; the snow-drop comes up in January; daffodils are now going off and primroses are coming into full bloom, and will soon be followed by cowslips and anemones or wind flowers. On

the Frome in May will bloom in snow-white patches the water crow-foot or water ranunculus, a charming sight, with the water tinted blue from the sky."

William Barnes' poetry has at least one of the qualities of true poetry—it always pleases and occasionally delights. As the same author quoted above says, "Great poetry it may not be, but it has the happy knack of slipping in between our fancies, and of clinging like ivy to the masonry of the thought-structure beneath which each one of us has his dwelling."

In a poem on "Learning" he has a very successful description of books, in four lines:

"Books that purify the thought,
Spirits of the learned dead,
Teachers of the little taught,
Comforters when friends are fled."

The first years of the poet's married life were spent in Chantry House, as the building was called. It was surrounded by a large garden and lawn, at the bottom of which ran a flowing stream which widened into a pond over-shadowed by trees. Here Barnes passed many quiet, happy hours, doing considerable reading and studying while he taught school. He employed his spare time in carving and painting, and writing articles for the "Dorset County Chronicle."

On leaving Chantry House and its surroundings he wrote some admirable verse, which shows how deeply in love he was with nature, and the regret he experienced when he had to quit the scenes of so much quiet happiness:

"Sweet garden! peaceful spot! no more in thee
Shall I e'er while away the sunny hour.
* * * * *
I shall not hear again from yonder bow'r
The song of birds or humming of the bee,
Nor listen to the water fall, nor see
The clouds float on behind the lofty tow'r."

But the poet's fame lies in his Dorset rhymes. We are indebted to his study of philology for those quaint speci-

mens of dialect verse. The publication of the *Hwomely Rhymes* provoked quite a little sensation at the time in Barnes' favor, and when subsequently he gave numerous readings in Dorset, the people, at hearing their own feeling and language and daily life portrayed in their common speech, were enthusiastic with delight. He read such poems as "Jeane's Weddèn-day in Mornèn," "Gammer's Shoes," "The Waggon a-stooded" and the "Sly Man."

The collection contains such poems, suggestive in their titles, as "Hallowed Pleäces," "Angels by the Door," and "Vo'k a-comen into Church."

The last mentioned was written when he had taken orders; one stanza is as follows:

"The church do zeem a touchen zight,
When vo'k a-comen in at door
Do softly tread the long-ail'd vloor,
Below the pillared arches' height,
Wi' bells a pealèn,
Vo'k a kneelèn,
Hearts a healèn, wi' the love
An' peäce a-zent em vrom above."

No wonder he was loved by all, and always welcomed to every house and farm, when he wrote of such "hwomely" things, which made up the life of his parishioners; as, for example:

"Tis merry, ov a zummer's day,
When vo'k be out a-haulèn hay—

Or, when the "evenèn" had closed down upon the village,

"An' the bells be a-zendèn all down the Coombe,
From tower, their mwöansome sound."

And again, of the dear "Naighbour Playmeätes," around the old mill—

"O jay betide the dear wold mill,
My naighbour playmeätes' happy hwome,
Wi' rollen wheel, an' leapèn foam,
Below the over hangèn hill,
Where, wide an' slow
The stream did flow,

* * * * *

While clack, clack, clack, vrom hour to hour,
Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,
Did goo the mill by Cloty Stour."

We are apt to think because he wrote in folk speech that his poems are of little worth, but there is no more genuine poet than he, nor any whose work is more perfect of its kind than his. He turned away from the darker aspects of life and avoided depicting ambition, pride, despair, defiance, anger and the like. One day he said, "You will not find that in any of my poems I have ever made a hero of an immoral man or a criminal. There may be such in the world but I never choose them as subjects, nor could I have written poetry if I had done so."

He did not care to be "trammeled with the thoughts and styles of other poets," and cared for none as a model save the Persian and Italian authors, as Hafis, the Persian poet, and Petrarch.

He was growing old but the art of poesy had not forsaken him. His daughter writes that even the "sounds of the garden gate clanging after departed friends," was suggestive, and records that one day when he was growing feeble from old age that her father dictated to her the poem "The Geäte a-vallèn to":

"It was a cold evening, and he was sitting in his easy chair by the fire, with his fur-lined cloak and red cap, and his feet in a fur foot-muff. The firelight fell warm on his face, and even dimly brought out the figures in the ancient tapestry behind his bed. He dictated and I wrote."

Here is the last verse:

"And oft do come a saddened hour
When there must goo away,
One well belov'd to our heart's core
Vor long, perhaps vor aye.
And oh! it is a touchen thing
The lovèn heart must rue
To hear behind his last farewell
The geäte a-vallen to."

A SURGEON'S KINDNESS.

IT MUST be real misery which will extort from a naturally reticent man any admission of troubles about himself, and especially about a bright, pretty, loving young wife. Consequently, it was with feelings of mingled surprise and misgiving that I listened to the recital of his trouble from my friend, Tom Horton. The mother-in-law was, as usual, the cause. She had, it seems, enthused her daughter with the notion that it was her duty to put to use the talent which had been given her, and to appear upon the stage. The husband's ideas about female delicacy were, on the other hand, extremely fastidious because of his reverence for women in general and for his wife and home in particular.

So it was that, after having talked the matter over thoroughly, I decided to fill the rôle of intimate friend of the family, and try my influence upon mother and daughter to induce them to change their tactics, and to give up the whole idea. I might as well have endeavored to induce Mrs. Burnham to give up her position on the Woman's Rights question as to influence her in this direction. Mrs. Horton was of a different type of character. Her love for her husband and mother was only equaled by a strong adherence to duty. She was as conscientious as a martyr, and what was more discouraging was that she was so absolutely pure herself that she couldn't see a blemish elsewhere. She had the notion that women have not a fair chance, and, having been persuaded by her mother and others that she had extraordinary dramatic abilities, felt it her duty to employ them in behalf of her sex. But under all this was a fusy, shallow, restless love of attention and applause. Last, and worst, she had no children.

My arguments to dissuade them were useless, and I returned crestfallen to the office to relate the results of my visit to the wretched husband. Our consultation seemed to

offer no immediate solution to the problem, but one thing we agreed upon—that it was not best for him to assert any authority in the matter, and that if worst came to worst, the least evil for him to choose was the appearance of his wife in public, even though accompanied with the usual newspaper “critiques” and their discussions of her talents, her person, her history, her family and her character.

At this juncture I was called away by certain business emergencies, and compelled to remain absent from the city for some time. I knew, however, that Mrs. Horton was diligently training, under a professional instructor, for the stage, and that all the arrangements had been made as to the time, place and circumstances for her *début*. Thus it happened that I returned only the day before the awful occasion, and, as it was afternoon, I strolled down to Tom’s place of business.

I found him as I had left him, except that the troubled expression was gone from his face, and he seemed to have regained his usual high spirits. He was delighted to see me and insisted upon my going home with him to dinner, and we set out accordingly.

“It is an early hour,” Horton said, “but I wish to talk over two or three things with you. The parlors will be empty.”

When we arrived, Tom opened the front door with his latch-key and led me immediately into the back-parlor, for, by the sound of voices, we judged that the front-room was already occupied. He drew up two chairs near the window, and we sat down. The rooms communicated by large sliding doors, as it chanced, wide open. Mrs. Burnham was holding communion with a young man, who sat at the table writing. Tom looked rather apprehensively at this tableau, for he was rather nervous, but his mind being full of what he wanted to say, he began at once.

“I have contrived something,” he said, “which I am in hope will make all this turn out for the best. I want to

know how it impresses you. Mrs. Burnham found it difficult to bring her plans to a practical focus, and so, seeing that there was nothing better to do, I put a good face on it, and volunteered to act as business manager."

I was amazed to find that he had been so completely reconciled to his wife's appearance on the stage, but, thinking that he must have some good reason for the course he had taken, I simply asked:

"And how do you expect to derive advantage from that?"

"Just the question that I was about to ask, myself," remarked a voice, in a loud, confident, cheerful tone, at our very elbow.

"What the ——!" exclaimed Tom, springing to his feet. It was evident that he did not wish to be overheard.

It was the young man from the front parlor, whose approach we had failed to observe, in our preoccupation, and who stood there calmly awaiting the issue of the disturbance, of which he seemed to have been the innocent cause.

"Ah! a reporter, I see," remarked Horton, restraining his impatience as best he could. "From what paper, permit me to ask?"

"From the *Morning Post*. I—"

"I am Mr. Horton. Allow me to inquire what has procured me the unexpected honor of this visit?"

The young man, evidently offended, produced one of those cards which are commonly carried as credentials by those of his profession, and handed it to Horton, with the remark that he had been authorized by the managing editor to prepare an article for the following morning calculated to interest the public in Mrs. Horton.

"But why will it not do to refuse information?" interrupted Tom.

The reporter, by this time thoroughly nettled at being answered according to his own style, responded in an impudent tone:

"Because a telling statement must be had, and, if we do not obtain material first-hand, we must do our best at the office, and are sometimes, of course, liable to make mistakes."

"Well, I suppose you have received the most of what you want," remarked Tom, without taking any notice of the significant hint.

"Oh, yes; but the public will naturally be interested in the husband of the *débutante*."

"Will you kindly let me see what you have written? It is only fair to let me see what you are going to say about my own wife."

The young fellow hesitated, looked furious, but finally with a grin handed over his note-book. It was Horton's turn to be enraged. The notes were in short-hand.

"Let me see it," I remarked, for I understood phonography fairly well. The hieroglyphics were, being interpreted, a number of short sentences from which to write a more extensive article. I read a portion aloud—

"Mrs. Gertrude Horton, aspirant to honors of *tragédienne*—to-night in rôle of Ophelia—wife of Thos. Horton, *née* Burnham. Met and won her lord amid romantic solitudes of Adirondaeks—rumor of singularly interesting circumstances connected with it, of which more later—lovely person, noble talents, spotless character—"

"Won't you give me my book?" finally interrupted the reporter, by this time as thoroughly wrought up as Horton himself.

"Stop!" said Tom; and quietly taking the book himself, he tore out the young gentleman's notes and put them in his pocket. Then, handing the book to its owner, he said, with suppressed anger:

"There, sir! Permit me to wish you a good day. If you desire further information in regard to my family call at my office in business hours."

"I shall do as I think best for the paper. If you know what is to your interest, give me those notes."

"Go!" And as the reporter was about to reply, Horton, without a single word, seized by the collar this noble representative of the press, propelled him with swift and irresistible force across the room and through the hall, and then, opening the door, ejected him into the outer-world. I had the presence of mind to bring his hat from the front parlor, and Horton set it out on the step. Walking to the window, I saw him recover his head-gear and stand scribbling away in his note-book with the most vengeful speed, doubtless reproducing his lost treasure, plus the volunteer item.

"Well, you've done it now," I said, as Tom came marching into the parlor, his face white and fists clenched. "A pretty figure you'll cut in the *Morning Post* to-morrow. But you haven't told me about your plans."

As he was about to reply, we were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Horton and her mother, who thus, by common consent, put an end to all conversation on the subject of the impending event. Dinner was announced, and as I was compelled by a pressing engagement to leave immediately after, I had no opportunity of conversing alone with Tom further that evening.

Next morning, as may be imagined, I looked into the *Morning Post* with awful apprehensions. It was in vain that I scanned the whole of the forty-eight columns. You could not have ascertained from the paper that anyone was to make a first appearance, except by the usual advertisement. There was no article, no paragraph, no line, not a word. At first I was completely puzzled, but very soon comprehended the situation entirely. The managing editor had intended the worst of newspaper revenges—a strangle. Mrs. Horton was not to be so much as mentioned in the *Morning Post*.

Thinking that this state of things was scarcely desirable if Tom wished the performance to be a success, I decided to visit the editor and to endeavor to affect a reconciliation.

As I had no hopes of seeing Tom that day, I set out on my mission without consulting him in regard to the advisability of such a proceeding. Thus an hour later found me in heated debate as to the necessity of showing mercy to the fair *débutante*, and explaining how fatal to her interests would be such coldness on the part of the paper. It was in vain that I expostulated, threatened and pleaded.

The editor heard me with a sarcastic smile, and, looking perfectly delighted, said that he was "sorry, very sorry, but the insult to his employee must be avenged;" I suggested an apology, but nothing would do short of strictest silence on the part of the press.

I finally left, without having accomplished my object, and awaited the arrival of the evening with impatience.

* * * * *

It came at last, as all evenings of this world will, if we can but wait for them. I went to the theatre at the usual time, fully expecting to see a crowded house, with all the *élite* of the city present. What was my astonishment then to find but a sprinkling of spectators in the large auditorium, and these by no means contented with the condition of the house, which, besides being but dimly lighted, was so poorly heated that it reminded one of a tomb rather than of a place of amusement. The orchestra played in all imaginable keys to administer to the wrath, not the pleasure, of the listener. Every now and then some person or party arose and departed thoroughly disgusted. It reminded me of Mr. Greely's description of what he considered a success for him in addressing an audience: "When not more than half the people leave." I was dumfounded, and could not imagine what was the cause of such neglect to the comfort of the audience and the success of the play. It must surely disconcert the actors, and the *débutante* in particular, to meet such obstacles when trying to create a favorable impression.

As for the play itself, nothing could have been more melancholy than the comedy which arose out of the fantastic

scene intended for a tragedy. The actors strutted around, talked to the audience, murmuring and mouthing their words, making the most original speeches imaginable. I could not but laugh and feel for them to see them make such frightful fools of themselves. I remember, for instance, that the Hamlet of this tragic evening knocked the significance out of one of his speeches before the ghost by saying, "As for my soul, what can *it* do to that?" pointing to the ghost at the word "that," thus giving the exactly opposite meaning to the one which he wished to convey.

Ophelia was, of course, on her first appearance, greeted with applause, while she blushed and gracefully bowed in embarrassed acknowledgement. Her very first speech of four words told the story: "Do you doubt that?" She felt the "stage fright," but that was not the trouble. Her silvery voice was for a drawing-room, not for an auditorium. Not half of a full house could have understood a word she said. But she went bravely through with her part, notwithstanding the many failures, and the slight applause which greeted her was charity, not tribute.

I felt immensely relieved when at last the curtain fell after the final act, and immediately hastened to seek out Tom and express my sympathy for the ill-success of the evening. I found him in one of the dressing-rooms, but what was my surprise to see him, instead of appearing disheartened at the result of his management, in an unusually self-satisfied mood. I could not understand it at all until finally drawing me apart, so that we could not be overheard, he disclosed to me the secret of it all.

"You remember," he began, "that I was about to tell you my reasons for acting as my wife's business man, when we were interrupted by the entrance of the lady herself. Well, the fact of it was that I did so in order to make the whole affair a dead failure, hoping thereby to cause my wife to give up her plans and settle down to a quiet life at

home. I first of all corrupted the manager of the theatre, who is interested in the success of another lady, and doesn't wish my wife to succeed. I also managed to have the fires go wrong, so that the room would be cold and smoky. The orchestra was, as you probably noticed, of the most untuneable kind. The prompter was careless, and a great deal of discourtesy was shown in refusing complimentary tickets. Last of all, the editor of the *Morning Post* aided me where he hoped to injure me by observing the strictest silence in regard to the whole affair."

"What a frightful, cold-blooded, brutal scheme!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Surgeon's kindness—a few sharp cuts and all is over. My whole faith is that she will never try it a second time. If she does—well, I must give it up, I suppose."

* * * * *

The rest is brief. Next day Mrs. Horton was ill with a nervous fever from effort and over-excitement, and she only recovered her usual perfect, though delicate, health after some months, and the still longer subsequent process of a journey to Europe. She never again attempted to serve her sex in the same capacity, and finally acknowledged herself to be as satisfied as her husband with the success which had met his efforts to cause her to turn from dramatic to domestic duties."

VOICES.

PRINCETON SONGS.

MUSIC, whether expressed by the instrument or by the song, is one of the characteristic elements of college life. The pleasant diversion that it gives to the wearied mind, its adaptability to any number of participants, and the real profit that can be derived from it, are sufficient grounds for justifying the prominent place that it has secured in the student's affection. The college man, however, is not satisfied with the kind of song that can be found in any musical circle; he wants something that has a distinctive flavor of the college spirit and that will be recognized by the outside world as a "college song." And, more than this, to narrow down the range of subjects, he wants a collection of songs having immediate and appropriate application to his own college or university. We go still further in our limitation, and assert that if such songs are the productions of the pen of fellow-members of the institution, they are all the more acceptable and precious to him.

Now these general principles are certainly applicable to Princeton men, and in a special degree. Approach a group of students when they are singing "Old Nassau," and observe how heartily the thrilling words are rendered. You will not need a second chorus to convince you of the truth of these assertions. But we must acknowledge that our resources in purely Princeton melodies are at a very low ebb. Some long-cherished verses and a few comparatively recent songs comprise the entire collection. We cannot ascribe our deficiency to lack of ability, or to a decrease of the university spirit; the reason for it lies in the fact that the college at large has given no signal stimulus to talent of

this character. And it is a very delicate matter for a man, after he has written a suitable poem, to have to *ask* the college to accept his humble tribute. There is only one feasible way of avoiding the annoyance and, at the same time, of securing for Princeton the proper development in this line.

In some of the other larger colleges there exists a regular practice of offering to the entire college an annual prize for the best original verses, set to music, itself to be original or to be taken from another song, according to the previous decision of the judges. And the condition is imposed that the song must have some intimate and special connection with the institution in which the prize is offered. It very often happens that in this way a number of excellent pieces are secured outside of the one to which the prize is awarded. But how this prize should be offered, and by whom, are questions that have been variously answered. Some say by the Glee Club of the university, since they will receive the most benefit from it; others say by a college periodical, because it falls more nearly under their line of work. However this may be settled, it is indisputable that Princeton needs something of this sort to awaken her latent energies and to sustain her past reputation. The members of this institution are fully capable of producing such songs, for only last year we had a splendid illustration in the "Orange and the Black." All they require is the proper inducement, and this, we believe, can be found in the plan suggested above. Let those who are most competent and best suited for it assume charge of the matter, and then in a few years we shall be singing, not verses borrowed from the collection of other colleges, nor music taken from the popular airs, but songs which, written by Princeton men and bearing the marks of Princeton genius, shall thrill the hearts of the Alumni and friends of Princeton wherever they shall be sung.

D.

OUR RETROGRESSION.

FORTY or fifty years ago men came to college because there could be found the fountain of learning and culture. The method of students then was that of hard work. They came with the purpose of drinking the fountain dry. But at the present day the reasons seem to have partially changed, and the characteristic object has become a willingness to let the inviting stream flow on without so much as taking a taste of the life-giving waters. The question arises whether the scholastic character of the student of former years is not being lowered by the methods of the student of to-day, whether the dignity of scholarship is not lessened by the modern tendency. It is surely threatening the reputation of a college student as such. It has made the attack in the most insidious manner—in the form of a growing sentiment entirely out of sympathy with the methods of true scholarship, which tends to work havoc with the morals of the student body in general. If any portion or member of the student body be abnormally or imperfectly developed, it is at the expense of the whole; so then, if there is an increasing proportion among the students who have neither the inclinations nor desires of the true student, it must necessarily follow that the whole body must suffer for it.

For this condition there seems to be no remedy other than the one in the hands of the true students, who, by means of the gradual formation of a separate and distinct class, may continue to uphold and maintain inviolable the time-honored reputation attained by the students of a generation past. Then shall the real student be assessed at his proper value, and he who is not a student shall cease to tread upon the reputation of the class to which he ostensibly belongs.

L.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

THERE is a great deal being said about the "New Education," as comprehended in our modern training schools. This seems to offer itself as a solution to the question which is forcing itself upon us, to wit, "Is there too much learning?" This question owes its origin to a statistical work of Dr. Lexis, of the University of Göttingen, pointing out the alarming increase in the number of learned men in Germany. He shows that out of 29,000 students now on the rolls of the German universities fully one-half are doomed to a life of poverty and disappointment. The same is true, though probably in somewhat less degree, in our American universities. The reason for this is that a large majority are seeking the so-called "genteel professions," to earn their bread by means of the education they are so laboriously acquiring. But they should stop and consider that in this democratic age and country it is the fittest who survive, not those who offer the brightest scholarship. Should they take into consideration the strong opposition of a cold, unsympathetic world, and the severe competition of numerous rivals, and not suffer the *ignis fatui* of popularity, ease and luxury which it offers to allure them to entertain false hopes or ambitions, there would be fewer disappointments. One calling, however, the profession of the ministry, is not open to this objection. While there exists in it competition of a certain nature, its attractions are genuine, and to the one who enters that profession with the true spirit, disappointment rarely comes. Success does not depend upon individual brilliancy and fitness, which is true in a great measure concerning the secular professions. And the fact is, no matter what profession one chooses, a great deal depends upon the *spirit* with which one enters it, as well as one's capability. If one is actuated by a true philanthropic spirit, his success is greatly enhanced, if not positively assured. On the other

hand, a selfish spirit ought not, and in the majority of cases does not, merit a laurel wreath. But, as has been said, there would be fewer disappointments if the majority of those who think they could be successful in any one of the "genteel professions" should deliberate whether they are not bringing upon themselves great injustice in choosing a life-work for which they are perfectly conscious they have no positive liking. This is especially so in the case of law. This profession seems to be a sort of refuge for the mass of students who leave the choice of their life-work until the last moment, and then, not finding any other profession to their liking, but still thinking they want a profession of some sort, choose law. A lawyer once remarked that he would not recommend the study of law to a friend of his unless he was thoroughly convinced of the superiority of his judgment and the keenness of his intellect, and unless he was sure he possessed that characteristic grit and determination that would force his recognition. It is a common thing to see the shingle of some poor deluded fellow who has spent his substance and surplus energy to obtain a diploma from some law school, and who, by unsuccessful competition, has been pushed to the wall until he is scarcely able to eke out an existence. He then discovers what a mistake he has made in wasting his energies in preparation for a work for which he was not fitted. Such an one is maimed for life. He has missed his calling, and has sustained a fatal blow upon a successful career. To be sure, he has an "education," but that does not count for as much as it did fifty years ago. It has become an easy matter to get an education of that sort. And the question naturally arises, "Is there too much literary education?" It seems, from statistics, that the question must be answered in the affirmative. Not that the college should relinquish its prestige, nor depart the slightest from its sublime course of progressive conservatism, but the change must be made in our public schools, high schools and academies. Our

business colleges and training schools are right in this line, and the idea of the training school especially will probably form the solution of the question. The point is not that we do not want educated men; that would be folly. But what we do want is more practical education. Educated mechanics—bricklayers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., etc. It has been stated that "a good brewer commands larger wages in Germany than a Greek professor, and it is not unreasonable, since the supply of professors in proportion to the demand is larger than that of good brewers." The tendency of our public and high schools is toward the literary and college preparatory. This is a mistake. The reform must begin here, and instead of directing the minds of the young in exclusively literary channels, the industrial arts should be introduced, that the tastes and adaptabilities of the youth may be brought out in that line also. Give the mechanical arts a fair chance with the fine arts, and see what will be the outcome. Those who receive a thorough training in these schools in the trades are in greater demand by master mechanics, because, after a few months practical outside work, they make much better workmen than those turned out by the loose apprenticeship system.

If this system should be adopted, there would be a more proper distribution of education, and instead of disappointments from misdirected energies in the "gentlemanly professions," there would be enjoyment in the more lucrative and certain callings of a less "genteel" description. "And the carpenter, or blacksmith, or machinist, or shop-keeper will discover that he is none the worse for being a good scholar, and will even find that in the enhanced esteem, the greater pleasure, and the enlarged chances in life which it gives him, he is quite as much benefited by his education as if he had sought to earn his living by means of it directly." Thus occupation, by being properly discriminated, will result in one harmonious whole and the enhancing of national prosperity.

COLLEGE PESSIMISM.

ONE day while coming from the 'Varsity grounds the following conversation is overheard:

"What's the score?"

"Six to five, in favor of Princeton."

"That's the stuff! Three cheers for Princeton!" College song, "We're going to win the championship," heard generally over the campus. A general spirit of hilarity and praise for the team's work. Everyone happy and profuse in prophecy. But a few days after, on a similar occasion, the following conversation takes place:

"What's the score?"

"Ten to four, in favor of Yale."

"Just what I expected. Princeton can't play a little bit. If she wins the first game she gets a swelled head, and thinks the championship is going to walk straight into her hands without further effort. We might as well throw up the sponge. Princeton never could play ball, and it looks as if she never will."

This is a fair illustration of the pessimistic spirit all too prevalent in college. A spirit of "He won, bravo!!" "He lost, sit on him!!" A shallow philosophy, indeed, upon which to found college opinion; nevertheless, a vast majority are guilty of just such folly. Certainly this does not augur a healthy condition of athletic support. Such a spirit is, to say the least, disheartening to the teams who have worked hard to further the interests of their college. It discourages them from more strenuous efforts if, after every defeat, they know they will be literally sat upon by the whole college. Such a spirit of pessimism is cowardly. This sort of discipline is too harsh and uncalled-for. We admit that a small amount of it is healthy and sometimes deserved. It is rational, however, to expect that a team will work harder if it is sure to receive just criticism and praise for honest

effort. It is safe to say that so long as this pessimistic spirit remains, athletic honors for Princeton will be few. This is not unreasonable, because athletics need the support of the college financially, and this mean spirit breeds contempt, and contempt begets lack of support, and lack of support discourages and enervates a team, which in its turn makes defeat a certainty. Until the college as a unit joins in a common spirit of enthusiasm and encouragement she may never expect the laurel wreath to crown her head.

EDITORIALS.

WE WOULD call attention to the prize story to be published in the next number. The competing stories must be in not later than November 15th. The limit is set at 4,000 words in order that those writers who are continually asserting that they cannot produce a worthy article in small compass may have ample room to assert themselves, and not with any view to stimulating the more concise writers to stretch themselves unduly. And while upon the idea, we would say that hereafter the LIT. will prefer shorter stories and shorter essays. We think it consistent with the short story, and certainly with the ponderous essay, to make them readable and interesting within shorter limits than in the past. We would set a premium upon less philosophical essays, a little less avoirdupois and a lighter and pleasanter vein, less striving after keen analyses and deep researches and a quainter style will meet with special favor from the editors, and, we feel sure, with approval from our exchanges.

SPANISH.

THE Pan American Congress, to accomplish that for which it has been called, must depend upon the hearty coöperation of all who are represented by its delegates. The people both north and south must contribute to the furtherance of its designs.

We ourselves shall find that we come within the radius of its influence and requirements, though we are beyond the current of political and commercial life. As a training

school for future professional men, for merchants or statesmen, our college must furnish the education by which they can prepare themselves, even though in an elementary way, for the duties which will devolve upon them. A college must keep up with the age, and as the nation advances and develops itself in new lines, it must follow closely and fit its men for the new demands with which they shall meet. This Congress is likely to present new privileges and consequent obligations to both the political and mercantile worlds.

The main plan, according to Mr. Blaine, is to institute an unrestricted and cordial intercourse between the American nations. "It will be a great gain," said he in his address of welcome, "when we shall acquire that common confidence on which all international friendship must rest. It will be a greater gain when we shall be able to draw the people of all American nations into closer acquaintance with each other, an end to be facilitated by more frequent and more rapid intercommunication. It will be the greatest gain when the personal and commercial relations of the American States, South and North, shall be so developed and so regulated that each shall acquire the highest possible advantage from the enlightened and enlarged intercourse of all."

This being the theory of the Congress, it will necessarily follow, for success in its practical workings, that there be some arrangement made in the near future whereby English can be taught in the South American and Spanish in the North American schools. We hope to see ere long the study of Spanish pursued here. To the civil engineer such a study will be of inestimable value, for not only is there a constant demand even now for scientific men, but there is likelihood of there being a greatly increased demand. The intercommunications proposed and the railroad building within their own borders, which will increase, if the ideas of this Congress are adopted, will call

for a larger number of able men from the north. That a knowledge of Spanish would be not only convenient, but that it would be almost a necessity to them, is evident.

In the mercantile world, also, a man who enters it, having left college with a fair acquisition of the Spanish language, will be ten-fold better equipped than he who must use a third party. For the diplomat, the statesman and the lawyer the ability to interchange ideas directly will be highly prized. Undoubtedly there will be openings for the professional man, and especially for him who is to pursue the vocation of teaching in the lands below the Equator, and to such a knowledge of Spanish is indispensable.

And though we should only consider its value to some men in the light of general culture, still we can offer it as a plea for the founding of a chair in an institution which, we are proud to feel, is conscious of every advance of the times, and is eager to follow as fast as its financial legs will carry it.

We may add a word suggested by the above. Princeton men should not feel that they sever all connection with the college upon graduation, but in proportion as they are proud to claim her as their alma mater should they interest themselves in her welfare and seek to further her development by either presenting gifts themselves or being instrumental in procuring gifts from others. If the alumni in proportion to even a small percentage of their numbers should see that Princeton every year receives some new endowment the college would advance at a rate most commendable.

COLLEGIATE TRAINING.

IN CONNECTION with a question which is being very much discussed at present, both in this country and in Europe, a very interesting article appears in the last *Lippin-*

cott, entitled, "Does college training pay?" No conclusion directly in answer to the question seems to be arrived at. The writer makes out that the total expense to the world of educating one man is a little less than eight thousand dollars. Then without answering his question he goes on to consider what becomes of the graduate. Failing, after what he thinks a good search, to find college men anywhere in large numbers, he concludes that the college man is therefore not playing the part in affairs which is expected of him. We do not like to dispute the writer's statistics; but when he allows only a thousand men to graduate annually in the United States, puts that number in comparison with the half million of professional men, and infers that the college graduate is not playing the part expected of him, we are rather inclined to disallow both the justice of the facts and the legitimacy of the conclusion. It is quite evident that the writer himself is not a college man. Though he has collected a number of interesting facts, the manner in which he jumbles and misunderstands the curriculum is sufficient evidence to show that he is not a college man, but when he so lamentably fails to appreciate the object of college training as to make its chief and only purpose the accumulation of facts, the proof is conclusive that whatever degree of material success he may have attained, he has never acquired that breadth of mind which is so great a boon to the college man.

But it is an interesting question—does college training pay? History has handed down, with the approval of the past, a system which, by successive generations, has been developed into the present college training. But now the materialistic tendency of the age sets up a doubt of the advisability of its continuance. The man of the world sees that the college man makes no more money than himself. He finds him not outstripping others in the race for high position, and, throwing back his head, demands, "what is the use of this expenditure?" And by that act he arraigns

the world and calls history to answer before the popular tribunal. Looking over the different spheres of activity and not seeing the majority of the prominent positions occupied by college men, he concludes that the college man is not fulfilling his part in affairs. He looks at the business world and finds that the richest men are not college graduates, and straightway forgets that he steals best who has stolen oftenest. He glances upon the lawmakers and never thinks of the class of men who seek and obtain those places; yet he must admit that the parties best suited to make laws and decree justice are men who understand the fundamental principles of justice and know the history of civilization, its stages, its evils and its remedies. It may be the man who, from a life training, has learned all the minutiae of the reporters' art that is most capable of collecting scandals and casualties, but when comprehensive questions are to be discussed that call for retrospect into the past and solid advice for the future, the journalist seeks the aid of the skilled brain and trained mind; and if it should be said that such men have lived who never set foot in college, let it be remembered that they really received a college education outside of college by studying, at the expense of many a midnight hour, the same knowledge that is nominally obtained within college walls. But this is not the only view to take of college training. Our only return is not in money nor in high position. We must look to the higher ends of life; we must consider whether our civilization is advanced, whether happiness is increased, whether the world is kept more free from superstition and erroneous ideas and false doctrines and wrong thinking; we must consider whether the researches of college men, uncovering the experience of the ages, do not enable our statesman and our journalists to save our country and our people from maelstrom after maelstrom. We must consider whether the collegiate graduate who, in comparative retirement, helps solve the eternal verities and settle the foundation for the faith of the

populace is not of equal value with the grinding capitalist, or the manipulating politician, or the promising journalist who is willing to prostitute his press to the party which offers the largest bonus. We must consider whether one college man, in finding one law of nature, might not contribute, by way of giving happiness to the multitude and by opening to the boastful and ungrateful complainants new opportunities for them to prosecute their material ends, more value in return than is necessary to counterbalance the expenses of all the others; and there are a hundred other such questions, besides the spread of liberality and culture in a community, which are answerable only in favor of collegiate training and which amply justify the world in all the expense which it undergoes. But there is many a worldly man who will never notice them, for all his ideas of success are in terms of conspicuousness.

THE SPIRIT OF NATIONALITY.

IT WOULD tend to impair the reputation which the American people have for enterprise and for thinking upon large scales if, in their rush for material wealth, they should altogether overlook the immense idea of nationality. And it is one proof that we are not so material as the brethren across the water persist in believing us, that we are not completely irresponsive to the sentiment. It was the breathing idea of our creation, and when it came to the times of Webster and Sumner and Choate there was such a stimulus added to it that the statesmen and political orators ever since have been imbued with it as a central principle. So far as our statutes can make the American people one nation, or so far as the centralizing tendency of the general government can contribute, the United States is distinctly a nation. But our laws do not complete the

task. There are certain trappings which, however insignificant in themselves, have powerful moral influences. Not ancestry alone make nationality, not language alone, and not common interests; but grouping about these and building upon them as a superstructure there are common traditions, common heroes, common history and common literature. To the practical man the former are sufficient, but there is another man, the man of sentiment, to whom the latter are strong and binding. And to both classes these sentimental influences serve unconsciously as pleasant and agreeable bonds, lightening the sharper and severer cords of necessity and interest.

If we turn our attention to these secondary influences, there cannot be anything but a favorable verdict for American nationality. There are a few stray examples, stock arguments—the Chinese and German population separating from our civilization and refusing to assimilate with it—which the fertile imagination dwells upon until with anxious fear we turn away and fail to see the other and more pleasing view. These are but small and are not the result of intelligent, deliberate consideration, but the spontaneous natural action of people who have tumbled into an environment which surprises and embarrasses them. It is only the retiring character of the country swain on being introduced into a city drawing-room. But what seems the tenor of the people? What say the pulse-beats? Why, they cry for a national literature; they want a national poet; they want a national historian; they want a national novelist. Their heroes and their history are at hand, in bold relief upon the pages of history. But they want a literature. They want a national ode that may fill the mouths of the children and resound with the drum on land and sea. They want even a national flower, an emblem that would help bind together the affections of the people. These are not base imitations of royalty. They are the desires of a people craving for nationality. Nor should they be ignored as devoid of mean-

ing, but they should be taken as the readings of the barometer, as signs of the times. And reading them we must declare for an increasing spirit of nationality. We must refuse to accede to the views of the pessimists who continually see us drifting from our anchor, gradually breaking our bonds. All their prospects lead to disintegration and contention, but we think we see tendencies which point toward unity and our hopes lead to nationality.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath !
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South ! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh ;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

SONNET.—*Bryant.*

WHAT a charming month is October ! We have had some perfect days this year. The weather was moderate and invigorating. It sent the blood flowing more swiftly through your veins and made your step elastic.

The spring is enervating. Spring knocks you down, but autumn picks you up and puts bounding life into you with new wine. I prefer to be picked up. October is not only a Samaritan, but he is also a painter. You may see one of his masterpieces on our library building. With what beautiful tints has he touched one of the spreading ivy vines ! Yellow and gold and crimson ; one leaf peeping out from behind another, and all blending in a splendor of color. Then he has left one vine green and perhaps has made it darker to form a contrast to its brilliant neighbor. And yet another he has touched in patches, mingling the delicate green with the brown and the scarlet. All these against the background of light brown stone make a beautiful harmony. The other buildings have not been slighted, but are gay with the autumn tints. And what a lovely sight are the trees ; especially the view I had one day when I had walked below the campus and was looking back—that of a dark evergreen backed by a yellow maple which could be seen through the branches and around the edges like a setting of gold.

October was the favorite month with Longfellow. His love for it was a passion. As each year came around he would hail it with delight. You will permit me to quote somewhat at length from the journal of this the kindest of old gentlemen. I want to quote the entries as he made them, and we can see how the spirit always touched him the same and with equal beauty :

"Oct. 1, '47. Here is the lovely October. A few scarlet and yellow leaves herald his coming.

"'48. Welcome, O brown October, like a monk with a drinking horn, like a pilgrim in russet.

"'49. I always write the name October with especial pleasure. There is a secret charm about it, not to be defined. It is full of memories; it is full of dusky splendors, it is full of glorious poetry.

"'51. October! I always write that word with delight. The pen seems to take pleasure in it. It is the most poetical month of all. Will it bring me any songs this year?

"'52. The season in all its splendor.

"'56. I always write with pleasure the name of October. It is the loveliest month of the year, notwithstanding its tinge of melancholy.

"'57. The golden October mocks the money market, and laughs at commercial disasters. It maintains its state and splendor though banks fail and merchants cease to pay. It scatters its golden currency with full hands, as if nothing had happened.

"'61. The glimmer of golden leaves in the sunshine; the lilac hedge shot with the crimson creeper; the river writing its silver S in the meadow; everything without full of loveliness.

"Oct. 31, '62. October ends with a delicious Indian Summer day."

I passed many delightful hours with Longfellow this summer. He was a charming character. If any one would like to catch his spirit, let him read his "Life and Letters."

Longfellow was not a poet by force. He did not have to tease the muse to make it sing. Of course he did some coaxing, but most of the time he seemed to live continually imbued with that rare poetic feeling, and would read poetry in everything. He was a great reader of books, and would find in them so much more than an ordinary person would. And then in his Journal he would make an entry regarding them, noting how they appealed to him. This is what he said of one: "We sailed up the 'palmy Nile,' with the poetic Howadji, in the Ibis. A fascinating book. He has caught the true spirit of the East, and there is a golden glow on his pages, as if he dipped his pencil in the sun."

He is not felicitous about books alone, for it seemed as though he could make every-day occurrences appear in a new dress. One day in March, when the west wind was blowing a gale, he said it was "so sharp that it seems as if all the Indians beyond the Mississippi were throwing their tomahawks this way." And when a quiet Sunday gave him a little cessation from the multiplicity of duties which devolved upon him, he said: "Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray or sit and meditate." How many of us, I wonder, make half as interesting entries in our journals, even among those who have energy and perseverance enough to continue such a book? Like most literary men Longfellow's letters do not fail of interest to strangers.

When he had received, as a gift from the author, a copy of "Sacred and Legendary Art," he wrote her: "It produces in my soul the same effects that great organists have produced by laying slight weights upon certain keys of their instruments—thus keeping an unbroken flow of sound, while their fingers are busy with the other keys and stops. And there let these volumes lie—pressing just enough upon my thoughts to make perpetual music."

The delightful spirit was surrounded by as delightful companions. Who of us would not like to have associated as he did with Sumner, Emerson, Lowell, Felton and others? His life seemed to be always softened with a mellow light and his spirit always in poetic communion with other life. We would he were still living and we might say as his friend Hillard wrote him, "Thus may you ever live—translating life into music and hearing its echoes take the sound of fame."

I must not talk more now about Longfellow, though, for myself, I could be interested for hours longer.

The other day I was looking between the covers of "Stedman's Poems." There are some very pretty poems there. Stedman will probably rank with Halleck and Green as a poet. There is not much likelihood of his being treasured for ages. However he can be enjoyed in this age, and we may read his productions with pleasure when we understand the circumstances under which they were written. There is the "Diamond Wedding" as example. A lord from the Indies rolling in wealth wooes a New York belle, and after he has expended untold treasures upon her he wins her and they must have a diamond wedding.

"He wasn't one of your Polish nobles,
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,
And so our cities receive them;
* * * * *
No, he was no such charlatan—
But a regular, rich Don Rataplan
Santa Claus de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Bastinado!"

The wedding was gorgeous. Diamonds everywhere, and silks and laces, and they had an Archbishop come from across the seas to tie the knot.

"The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But Garibaldi kept him at home."

Then the poet's thoughts reach out to the time when the sluggish tide will sever them "by floating one into eternity, and leaving the other alive as ever." And he thinks—

"As each wades through the ghastly stream,
The satins that rustle and gems that gleam,
Will grow pale and heavy, and sink away
To the noisome River's bottom-clay;

Then the costly bride and her maidens six
Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx,
Quite as helpless as they were born,
Naked souls, and very forlorn."

And he consoles himself by remarking that—

"Those most used to a rag and bone,
Though here on earth they labor and groan,
Will stand it best as they wade abreast
To the other side of Jordan."

I shall have to leave to another time the other good things from his pen. And meanwhile we shall again stand impatient with watering mouth against Thanksgiving season, and, as college men, decide not only the fate of the turkey, but our own fate in our cherished sport, football.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AS WE take our seat at our table and examine the literature of the month, we notice that a large space is given up to a discussion of the general question of education, which has been treated by the various editors and authors on almost all possible sides. We notice that one writer has not only expressed a doubt as to the advisability of giving a young man a college education, but has even taken the ground that an education such as the average American university offers is impossible to attain and useless if attainable. Whether he is laboring under a delusion or not we shall leave to be discussed in another department, and shall also be satisfied with simply referring without comment to that other great and important aspect of this question—that of required physical education in our schools and colleges. This, though an old question, is at the present time receiving a considerable amount of renewed attention from our prominent educators. But we refer at present to that aspect which, at this season of lengthening evenings and cosy open-fires, will receive more attention from the average college student—that of reading in general. It is not our intention to give, nor is this the place to record, a lengthy treatise on the importance of pursuing a course of reading outside of our regular curriculum which bears upon and enlightens certain courses, but to set forth some thoughts, which may or may not be trite, on the general prevalence of novel reading among college students. It is probable that the majority of the fiction devoured—yes, that is the word—by those who are professedly striving to educate their minds, is of that character which is calculated rather to startle than to provoke thought or feeling. What we mean is somewhat extremely expressed by a Spanish writer on the general functions of the novel in modern life, when he says that the general characteristic of the modern novel is that vice “graphically called effectism, or the itch of awaking at all cost in the reader vivid and violent emotions which shall do credit to the invention and originality of the writer.”

There is no doubt that fiction holds a very important place in teaching the mind to interpret human nature and to appreciate differences of character, and it is equally evident that the “fantastic scenes,” the “strange incidents and impossible characters” which cause the popularity of the modern novel, is not the property of fiction which is most calculated to have this beneficent effect. It is unnecessary to mention contemporaneous poets and novelists as well as those antecedent to our own day, whose works are food for thought as well as senti-

ment. For this is what M. Coquelin means in a recent number of the *Century* when he tells us that Shakespeare's plays contain the "most strange, the most mighty, the most bewildering poetry," and that the endings of "Pericles" and the "Winter's Tale" will call forth from our eyes the "sweetest tears that earth can know."

But there is another sort of reading besides those mentioned above which plays an important part in all American education, and that is exemplified in an article on "Character of Democracy in the United States" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, the key-note of which is expressed in the following quotation: "Unless we can concentrate legislative leadership we shall suffer something like national paralysis. We have no one in Congress who stands for the nation, * * * and so management and combination which may be effected in the dark are given the place that should be held by centred and responsible leadership in the focus of the national gaze." This is an excellent specimen of the kind of consideration of politics which makes the *Atlantic* so particularly valuable to thoughtful persons. Another political paper, called "The French-in-Canada," is contributed by Mr. Eben Greenough Scott, whose paper on "La Nouvelle France" will be remembered by our readers. Artists and amateurs will be, however, much more interested in "Allston and his Unfinished Picture,"—passages from the Journals of Mr. Richard A. Dana—a charming series of extracts contributed by Mr. Charles Francis Adams about Mr. Allston's last and unfinished picture of "Daniel interpreting to Belshazzar the Writing on the Wall." Mr. James's "Tragic Muse," Mr. Bynner's serial, and the short story called "The First Mayor," by Octave Thanet, form the fiction of the number; and there are, also, a half-literary, half-historical article on "Some Romances of the Revolution" (a consideration of William Gilmore Simms' novels), a paper on "The Nieces of Mazarin," and a most amusing and lively sketch on "Marie Bashkirtseff," which gives a pretty picture of this impressionable, and in a certain sense typical, "daughter of Gaul." The remainder of the number is made up of careful reviews and the usual departments. The magazine has that scholarly and literary air which particularly endears itself to the man of letters.

A valuable addition to the notable papers of Professor Henry Drummond and Joseph Thomson, is found in an article in *Scribner's* for November, by Colonel H. G. Prout (Baroud Bey), an American Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Africa, and a trusted friend of General Gordon, who writes of that little-known region under the title "Where Emin Is." The author's education as a military engineer enables him to present important scientific information about the Nile Valley in its least known parts. His description of the strange people who inhabit the Provinces is most entertaining. Gordon's plans and ideas in regard to this region, as revealed in personal letters to Colonel

Prout, are here, for the first time, published. Professor J. Russell Soley, U. S. N., discusses "The Effect on American Commerce of an Anglo-Continental War"—showing, in a striking manner, how some of the principles of international law which England has been active in establishing during this century will react to her own disadvantage and peril. He also shows how the navigation laws of the United States will prevent our profiting by the redistribution of the carrying trade, which would result if an effectual blockade were laid against Great Britain. In view of the congress of representatives of maritime nations in Washington, this paper should attract especial attention. William Henry Bishop describes the picturesque features of the old Spanish University of Salamanca, and the modern student-life there. The illustrations are from recent photographs, and show types of modern Spanish students, both boys and girls. "Goethe's House at Weimar," which was closed to the public till last year, is described by Oscar Browning, and illustrated from the first photographs permitted to be taken of the interior.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*, for November, is a photograph reproduction in color of Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love," which was conspicuous in the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy. The second paper on Millet opens the number, and is illustrated with a portrait of the artist, painted by himself, and a number of examples of his work, including two full-page reproductions. Following this is the second paper on "A Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass.," by S. R. Koehler. Then comes an account of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Miranda," with a full-page engraving of this famous picture. The paper on "Current Art" is devoted to the *salon* of the past summer, and is well illustrated. "Artistic Advertising" is the title of a lively tilt between W. P. Frith, R.A., and the editor of the *Magazine*, as to whether art is degraded by being adapted to advertising purposes. Mr. Frith thinks that it is, while the editor contends that it is not. Specimen pages of the decorative work in the Gladstone commemorative album are given, and then follow copious notes gleaned with care and taste.

Outing, for November, has for its leading article, "A Winter's Sport in Florida," by O. A. Mygatt. It is richly illustrated with woodcuts and reproductions from photographs. Other principal articles are "Whaling," by Herbert L. Aldrich, with numerous illustrations; "Our Four-Footed Friends," by "Borderer," also handsomely illustrated; "The Orange Athletic Club," with views of the club-house, etc. The novel by Captain Hawley Smart, the second installment of which appears in this number, becomes more interesting. Other articles are "Lobsters and Lobster Pots," "Crankslinger Skaddle Rides Back to his Youth," a cycling story by President Bates; "Squirrel Hunting," and the hunting story, "Over Rag Wheel Mountain"; "Reconsideration," and "I go a' Fishing," are

poems of much merit. The editorial departments are bright and attractive, and the records give a faithful resumé of the achievements of our athletes.

In the November *Lippincott's*, Edward Heron-Allen contributes an entertaining article on "The Violin," which gives much valuable and interesting information concerning the king of instruments. The poet-critic, R. H. Stoddard, continues his remarkable series of papers upon American authors by contributing a sketch of William Cullen Bryant. Mr. Stoddard's long acquaintance with the subject of his sketch, and his well-known candor and sincerity, lend great value to his tribute to Bryant as a poet, an editor, and a man. No lover of Bryant should fail to read this article. The complete novel is entitled "A Belated Revenge." It is a powerful story, full of stirring adventures, the scene of which is laid in Virginia in pre-revolutionary times. The late Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, known to fame as the author of "The Gladiator," "Nick of the Woods," and other well-known tales and dramas, was engaged upon this novel at the time of his death. The manuscript fell into the hands of his son, Frederic M. Bird, who has revised and completed the story in a manner which shows that he has inherited his famous father's literary skill.

Before we leave our superiors and turn to the contemplation of the production of our sister colleges, we wish to add our humble note of praise to the laudations which overwhelm the *Public Opinion*; and as the manager of this excellent publication once walked under the shade of the same noble elms and recited in the same halls that we now frequent, it is with peculiar interest that we examine its contents and make note of its selections.

The high character of the fiction contained in the *Harvard Advocate* is always noticeable and "M'le Whitemouse," in the issue of October 17th, is a good specimen of its general quota of stories, while the "Inauguration of the New Lorbonne" is of special interest to students.

We admire the short pithy articles in the main part of the *Yale Lib.* but to us the department which is by far the most entertaining is the Portfolio, in which the bits of poetry and morsels of happily expressed prose form a fitting dessert to the heavier feast which has gone before. The October number is not behind its fellows in any department.

The opening article of the *Vassar Miscellany* for October is an article entitled "At Evensong." It is an appreciative sketch of the interesting congregation at an evening service in an Anglican Church.

The *Yale Record* has again come out in a new dress, while the *Harvard Lampoon* cracks its jokes in a manner which makes us hope to hear from its editors later in *Life*; and our Table is hid under the piles of exchanges which do much credit to the institutions from which they come. Among the best of our smaller exchanges are *The Dartmouth*, *The Williams Weekly* and *The Haverfordian*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HANSA TOWNS. BY HELEN ZIMMERN. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.50.)

The Story of the Nations is the title of a series of historical studies which present, in a graphic manner, the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. It is impossible adequately to express our opinion as to the value of this series, and, indeed, unnecessary, since every subject taken up by this firm is sure to be of universal and unequivocal interest and to be treated in a way commensurate with the subject. It is well known that this period of the trading alliance of these seven Dutch towns was a time of formation in which many of our most matter-of-course privileges were born and from which they have developed to what they are now. As to the contents of the book, suffice it to say that the birth, development and periods of its greatest power and decay are treated in a full and authentic manner, making the book one of the most valuable in an invaluable series.

MONOPOLIES AND THE PEOPLE. BY CHARLES WHITING BAKER, C. E. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This excellent work is written, not on a basis of economic theory, but on a practical experience with monopolies, which entitles the book to the careful attention and to the unqualified respect of educated readers. The first part of the book is taken up with a careful and trustworthy account and critical explanation of a few specimen monopolies in each department of business, which is followed by a thorough discussion of all the questions arising in the minds of thinking men in regard to these trusts, together with some practical remedies recently suggested. This is one of the most important questions of the day, and is ably discussed in this volume of small and handy size.

AN APPEAL TO PHARAOH—THE NEGRO PROBLEM AND ITS RADICAL SOLUTION. (NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT. \$1.00.)

This volume is an anonymous appeal to the people on the vital question which is attracting so much attention just now. It presents the negro problem to the reader in an exhaustive treatment, taking it up in an historical manner, from the emancipation (when the problem originated) and carrying it on to a clear statement of the question, well known to every intelligent reader, and then proposes a "Radical Solution" in colonization. Its possibilities and probabilities are ably discussed, and the book is altogether one that is worth a conscientious reading.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—THE AMERICAN STATESMEN SERIES. EDITED BY JNO. T. MORSE, JR. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

That this excellent series would be incomplete without an account of Benjamin Franklin's life and works, is given by the frank and modest author as the only reason for undertaking a work that has been so successfully accomplished by Mr. Parton. He again apologizes for the "disproportionately narrow quarters" into which the exigencies of the occasion have made it necessary to squeeze the record of a life so active and so efficient. He then proceeds to give a succinct and very readable narrative of the salient points in the life of this American statesman which, though as the Hon. Jno. Bigelow says, "The delightful work of Mr. Parton has left no place in American literature for another biography of this most illustrious of our countrymen," it seems to us will not lack appreciative readers, both on account of its intrinsic value and of the place it holds in this handy and easily procured series.

CHARACTER AND COMMENT. SELECTED FROM THE NOVELS OF WM. D. HOWELLS. BY MINNIE MACOUN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

It is the custom of the more careful reader of to-day to jot down in his memorandum those parts of the book which he is reading which seem to him worthy of frequent reference or of deeper thought. The works of Mr. Howells are full of just such pithy comments, of just such short descriptions of character as the modern student of human nature wishes to make himself familiar with, and this is what this volume aims to do for the hurried reader of the times. The author has collected these bits of "character and comment" from the most prominent novels of Mr. Howells, and the result, though only a compilation, is a volume which will furnish many hours of most pleasurable and fruitful thought.

THE NEW ELDORADO. A SUMMER JOURNEY TO ALASKA. BY MATORIN M. BALLOU. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

We often hear of travel as the finishing touch to a college education and just what is needed to "broaden the judgment, annihilate the prejudices and enlarge the vision." This is true if the traveler has first been taught how to travel. But many of the carelessly educated persons who travel now-a-days, because it is the fashion, remind us of the school boy in the old reader who took a holiday walk through a beautiful country, and when questioned by his teacher showed that he had not been aware of its beauties in the least. The present volume is evidence that its author does not belong to this class of travelers, for he has set down here in a literary and highly entertaining style the result of his

careful observations on his journey to that truly called "New Eldorado," Alaska, which has so lately begun to divide with Europe the attention of American tourists. This book entirely demonstrates the foolishness of those who "do" Europe simply because of the name, while they know next to nothing of the picturesqueness and sublimity of the scenery which our own country has to offer to her children.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE. BY HAROLD MURDOCK, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN FISKE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The author disclaims any intention in the writing of this book other than to give "a running narrative, introducing the great leaders and noting the great convulsions of twenty-one years of contemporaneous European history." The perusal of this work is calculated to make its every reader an optimist as he reviews here the striking improvement in the political situation of Europe since 1850 and compares it with the same progressive movement throughout the world. Although, as the author states, the work is not the result of extensive research, yet it gives in condensed and easily-reached form the results of more voluminous and varied reading than the average man can, in the course of his busy life, give to one subject. It is another of those compendiums of history which are becoming more and more plentiful as the spirit of research and study of the nineteenth century is merging into that of the twentieth. Such books cannot increase too rapidly, especially in view of the historical spirit with which everything is studied now-a-days, and which throws such light upon subjects before but dimly understood.

BLUEBIRD NOTES. POEMS BY IRA BILLMAN. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS. \$1.50.)

This book contains over a hundred poems, showing considerable diversity of length, subject, measure and merit. Most of them are short, perspicuous, and readable. The author has evidently enjoyed his work, and his lines are full of sweetness, philanthropy, and loyalty to right. And this spirit is what fulfils the promise of the title, and surely not the subjects of the poet's songs, some of which are tinged with the deep feeling of life which we would scarcely attribute to a care-free bird. Some of them, however, are exceedingly touching, and reveal poetic genius. Among other themes, the poet sings of "Duty and Beauty," "God's Nobility," "Life's Great Overflow," "Christ," and "Alma Mater." The volume is beautifully printed on heavily calendered paper, and it will be safe and helpful in any family. The author need not conceal the fact that he is a Congregational minister, settled in "the land of steady habits."

INSTITUTES OF ECONOMICS. BY PRESIDENT E. B. ANDREWS.
(BOSTON: SILVER, BURDETT & Co.)

In the last fifty years the magazines and newspapers have contained so many articles upon economic subjects that to a person who does not have a grasp of those matters it becomes almost an eyesore, and the subject has become so prominent that the amount of material upon it is so abundant that the reader knows not where to begin. But we have a recommendation. We will not send him to voluminous folios where facts and principles and arguments are so thick that he will become bewildered in the maze, but to a short, concise, scientific work that is abreast of the times—to President Andrew's text-book. Its special characteristic is conciseness, being a model of compactness. It has all the principles of any other book, and the conclusions of the latest speculation, but these are not covered up with arguments and statistics till they cannot be found. Another excellent feature is the clear division and subdivision of the subject and its topics in such a manner that they can be readily turned to. Its definitions and its statements are in plain language, which defies misinterpretation even by the least scholarly, and in every discussion the important ideas are so italicized as to create exactness of thought and clearness of conception. The book is an excellent work for a college student to go over before beginning a longer and more elaborate study.

CYCLING. BY R. P. SCOTT. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

These publishers have just ready a work which will be of interest to all who are fond of the exhilarating and healthful sport afforded by the bicycle, tricycle, etc. The book contains a great deal of curious and useful information for wheelmen, and is illustrated by numerous engravings showing the development of the "wheel" itself.

CRIME. BY JUDGE S. M. GREEN. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Judge S. M. Green, well known as the author of a number of legal works, has embodied in this excellent treatise the opinions and settled convictions to which he has been led by a long experience as judge, both in the Circuit and Supreme courts of Michigan. While the volume will naturally be of much service to lawyers, it is not specifically a legal book, but is a popular and at the same time exhaustive discussion of the "Nature, Causes, Treatment and Prevention of Crime." Judge Green arraigns heredity, intemperance, ignorance, poverty, and our unsatisfactory social conditions, and makes a strong case against them. The author looks on the criminal as diseased, and enables us to sympathize with him while we hate his crime, and, moreover, encourages us to bright hopes and strenuous effort for his cure. Every lover of his kind will find in this book food for thought and stimulus for activity.

CHRISTIAN THEISM. ITS CLAIMS AND SANCTIONS. BY D. B. PURINGTON, LL.D. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

One cannot read far into this excellent work without seeing that it has been written by a teacher. The directness, perspicuity, and clear and orderly decisions, which are the result of class-room experience and discipline, are manifest throughout. The student can write out the analysis of the work by simply glancing at the pages. These qualities are specially valuable in a philosophical treatise on a subject that is beset with difficulties, and too often burdened with obscurities. Prof. Purington, after a brief but satisfactory outline, gives in succession the arguments for Christian Theism: the eutaxiological, the teleological, the intuitive, the historical, the monistic, and the causal. To this treatment of theism proper are added valuable chapters on anti-theistic errors, evolution, in which the author combats mechanical evolution with very forcible arguments, and immortality. It is the best work we have met to give a clear and satisfactory view of this great subject which is now receiving so much attention, and is specially adapted to the needs of students, either as a text-book in the class-room or in preparation for the reading of more extended works upon the same subject. We commend it heartily.

TWO CORONETS. BY MARY A. TINCKER. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This is a double story. For more than half the volume the two run almost entirely separate. The scene of the one is laid in Italy, of the other, in New England. The heroine of the one is an Italian Countess, whose right to the title is not allowed till the two merge into one; and he who had all his life looked forward to the recovery of the coronet rightly belonging to the girl, for whose care his father had been paid by a rich American lady, added the prestige of his own title of Count to the money of the American girl, the daughter of a New England doctor, whose fortunes we have been following in the other tale. The book is not striking in any way, but its general tone is good and compares favorably with other first-class fiction of the day.

LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES. PAR ALEXANDER DUMAS. EDITED BY F. C. SUMICHRIST. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

The name of Dumas has come to have such a meaning in some minds as to preclude his works from general reading. But whether or not there is an immorality sufficient to justify this exclusion, the celebrated Frenchman has a characteristic style about his writing which recommends him most thoroughly as a representative of the vivacity and imagination of that wonderful nation. This is an expurgated and abridged edition of Mr. Dumas's greatest work. The sparkling dialogue, the vivid descriptions and the full beauty of the plot are preserved.

An excellent list of historical notes are added to the grammatical notes, while the grammatical notes are not too numerous to give plenty of room for the original translation on the part of the student. The professor has succeeded in making it a book which should be popular among every class of students.

THE JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. TRANSLATED BY MARY J. SERRANO. (NEW YORK: CASSELL & Co.)

"A book without a parallel," is what the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone says of it, and in this verdict he voices the opinion of every one who has read this extraordinary production. Great has been the praise of it in various notices, but the most eulogistic of all is Mr. Gladstone's article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*. Marie Bashkirtseff reminds him of the ruins of Selinunti. "The temple is so shattered that it may be said to be reduced to a mass of single stones: but every stone by itself is majestic. Here were great powers, amassed in abundance like that of the materials for the rearing of Solomon's temple." The journal, he says again, "has to be judged, like the poems of Homer, from internal evidence." Marie Bashkirtseff was the child of Russian parents, people of rank and wealth, and passed most of her short life in Paris, where she studied music and art, and distinguished herself in the latter study. At the age of five she showed evidences of a precocious genius, and at twelve she was writing in her journal with all the wordly wisdom of a Machiaveli and the apparent *naïveté* of a child. Few more interesting books were ever published than this volume, and it is bound to make a lasting impression. A portrait of Marie, with reproductions from some of her paintings, which are now being exhibited in Paris, where they were purchased for the Luxembourg gallery, accompanies this edition of her journal, as also Mr. Gladstone's article, and an account of a visit to the young artist by François Coppée.

WITH GAUGE AND SWALLOW. JUDGE TOURGÉE. ADRIFT. JULIA DITTO YOUNG. THE BURSTING OF A BOOM. FREDERICK R. SANFORD. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

This attractive list of novels is to be published by this firm in the near future.

"Adrift" is a striking novel, the scene of which is located in the neighborhood of Niagara. Very fitly it deals considerably with those more treacherous social and domestic rapids on which many find themselves adrift.

"The Bursting of a Boom" is a very bright and entertaining novel, pure and wholesome throughout. It derives its name from the land craze in Southern California, which led to much wild-cat speculation and ended in a collapse a few years ago. Love receives a due share of attention, being described with much humor and in a very life-like way.

We also notice that they purpose issuing later a new translation by Mrs. Wister, under the title of "Erlach Court," to which many readers will look forward with pleasure.

PRÆTERITA. OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN MY PAST LIFE.
VOL. I. BY JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D. (NEW YORK: JOHN WILEY & SONS.)

A very interesting work has come to us from one of the great men of modern times, revealing his inner life—a sort of conversational autobiography in a pleasing and unusual style. It will be intensely interesting to those who already have some knowledge of Ruskin's wonderful work. His feelings, his childhood education, incidents of experience and reminiscences of friends are related and described in no strict logical order and without the tedious limitations of custom. As a masterpiece of style it can add nothing to his reputation. It can have little part in extending his influence, either in literature or in art. But as furnishing an insight into the life and character of a great Englishman, it ought to find a multitude of readers.

CALENDAR.

SEPT. 30.—Meeting of the Junior Class. Officers elected as follows: Pres., J. S. Black; vice-Pres., W. C. Spicer; Sec. and Treas., C. A. Gordon; Base-ball Manager, P. C. Jones.

OCT. 3.—Close of Tennis Tournament. Championship won by Johnson, '92, who defeated Bird, '90, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.

OCT. 5.—Opening of Foot-ball season. Princeton vs. Lehigh, at Princeton; score 16-0.....Princeton scrub, 4; Chester M. A., 4.

OCT. 7.—Inter-Class Lacrosse. '90 vs. '92. Score, 1-1.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates, The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
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Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
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